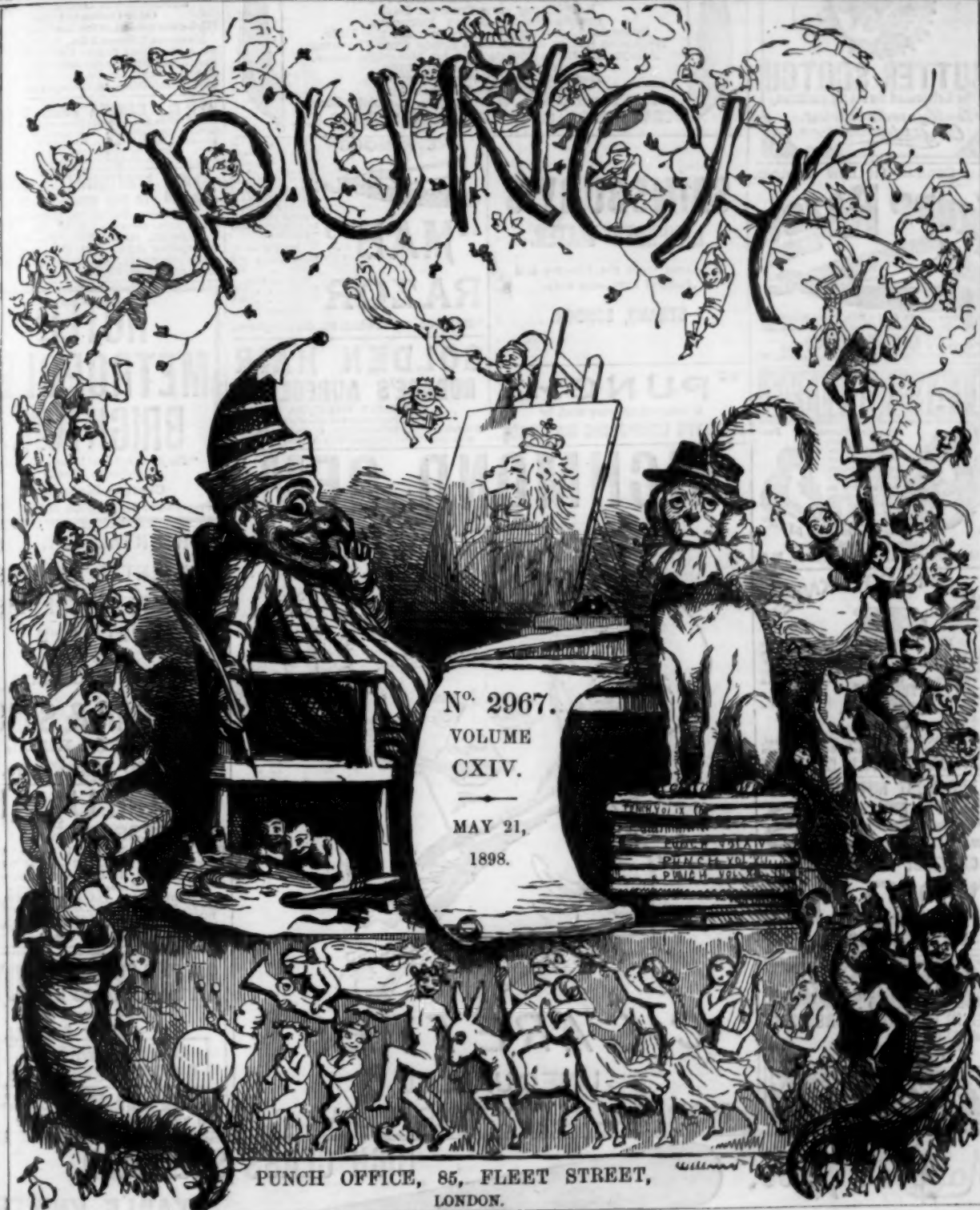


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A DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT.

Dauber. "NOW THIS IS THE PICTURE I WANT YOU TO SEE. IT IS CONSIDERED MY GREATEST PRODUCTION. AND, MIND YOU, I COULD ONLY GET ABOUT A MONTH FOR IT BEFORE SENDING-IN DAY."

Fair American. "REALLY, NOW! WELL, I GUESS YOU OUGHT TO HAVE GOT SIX MONTHS AT LEAST FOR A PICTURE LIKE THAT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Lady Jeebel (C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD.) is a story "with a vengeance!" How this vengeance is worked out, how retribution falls on the wicked, and how the good are rewarded, will be ascertained by the numerous readers to whom this weird sensational story will appeal, and to whom the Baron confidently recommends it. There is in the heroine a touch of *Mrs. Skewton*, mother-in-law of *Mr. Dombey*, with a dash of *Miss Havisham* in *Great Expectations*; while, in the plot itself, there is just a reminiscence of *WILKIE COLLINS's Moonstone*. All the same, it is none the worse for this flavouring, probably accidental. *Dr. Harry Durk* is the hero, and the tragic scenes take place in the house of his aunt, which, as the reader will already have guessed, is a 'aunted' house.

My Baronite suspects that *Mars* (HUTCHINSON) would never have been written if S. DARLING BARKER had not read *The Heavenly Twins*. The skittish, reckless, warm-hearted, well-meaning girl, of surpassing grace and beauty, is a difficult type to mould. It does not find its highest exemplification in *Mars*, whilst the effort at smartness in conversation, rarely rising above slang, is repellent. One good thing in the book is the scene where *Mars* meets the unrecognised destroyer of her father's life, and, all unconsciously, wins him to the decision to make retribution. That has promise in it.

The Pen and Ink Sketches made during a *P. and O. Voyage* by Mr. HARRY FURNISS, published at Effingham House, Strand, contain some of this artist's best work from his sharp-pointed pencil. Ladies shown as "dressing under difficulties" is excellent, of course as an effort of imagination, as how could a gentleman artist be admitted to the mysteries of a lady's cabin, even during the most eccentric conduct of the roughest and rudest sea without at least getting a considerable "dressing" himself? But at the illustration facing p. 100 has not Mr. FURNISS ally shown us "how it's done," by representing a little black-and-white chap looking in at the port-hole of a lady's cabin? Perhaps.

In *A Run Through "The Nibelung's Ring,"* Mr. PHILIP LESLIE AGNEW (BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.) gives us the clue to the

Wagnerian mass of *Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung*. To present a clear and concise summary of the "plot" is a task that would have taxed the powers of the keenest judge in summing-up, for the benefit of the jury, the case of *The Rhine Maidens Co. v. Wotan and Others*, in which so many interests of various parties to the suit are essentially involved. This task, which might have been the thirteenth labour of Hercules, Mr. PHILIP AGNEW has triumphantly effected, and if a convert to WAGNER wishes to become a master Cyclist (Wagnerian, not Bikerian), he cannot do better than study this book, and so to master the master, and thoroughly appreciate the operatic story of this golden legend of the Rhine and the Rhine. That WAGNER was well up in nursery lore, and had more than once seen a good old-fashioned English pantomime, when demons, dwarfs, fairies, monsters, and big-headed people occupied the stage, is, *chez nous*, a deep-seated conviction. What is one of the principal situations in the opening but an adaptation of an incident occurring in that truly sensational story, *Puss in Boots*? This book appears just at the right moment, when the Wagnerian operatic season has commenced. To every opera-goer this brochure of Mr. PHIL AGNEW's—who should now write himself down as Mr. PHIL-HARMONIC AGNEW—will be as interesting as it is instructive; while to the pleasure felt by all genuine Wagnerian "Cyclists" it will give a most welcome "fillip."

THE BARON DE B.-W.

ACADEMICAL DIALOGUE.

Mr. Know-Little, Junior. I say, what does "Cancellarius" mean at the University?

Well-instructed Senior. Let me see, wasn't there a dance called the Celarius?

Mr. K.-L., Junior. No, it's not a dance. It's a man. It's some University swell.

Well-instructed Senior. Oh, then—I see—it's derived from the verb "to cancel." He is the chap who looks after the votes of the Senate and the University papers generally, and cancels anything he doesn't like.

Mr. K.-L., Junior. Oh, thank you so much! [*Exeunt severally.*]

"Oh, did you ne'er Hear of a Gallant Young Waterman?"—The amateur champion of the sculls, yeapt GUY NICKALLS, is to be rewarded with GOLD! At least, the union of the above-mentioned hero with Miss GOLD is announced. Fancy commencing married life with a Golden Wedding! Excellent omen.

APPROPRIATE.—In *The Golden Legend*, recently given at the Albert Hall, the part of Lucifer was given to Mr. BLACK. But he was, observed a critic, "somewhat disappointing." Evidently Lucifer is not Black, or not so black as he has been painted.



"GRAN'PA, CAN I HAVE A SHILLING, PLEASE?"
"WHAT D'YOU WANT A SHILLING FOR?"
"TO CHANGE INTO PENNIES TO SAVE UP WIV."



A CASE FOR CLEMENCY.

Field-Marshal Punch (addressing Lord Lansdowne, while indicating Mr. C-e-l Rh-d-s). "NOW, MY LORD, THEY'VE REINSTATED HIM, HOW ABOUT WILLOUGHBY AND THE OTHERS?"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Lover, head of a Firm celebrated for its particular wares, having been entreated by his Mistress to change his plebeian names and abandon business, answers in no amenable strain.

I QUITE remember all you said,
Your letters o'er and o'er I've read,
And hope you won't deem me ill-bred,
If I resent your tone, love!
My father made his "pile" with glue,
The "Hold-me-tight," invention new,
That caught the many, not the few,
In fact, it stood alone, love!

This compound gained a world-wide fame,
And still to-day it is the same—
I write without a spark of shame,
For it cannot be beaten!
The Public was not slow to see
That "Hold-me-tight" a gem must be;
And it brought in the £ s. d.
On which I went to Eton.

All opposite to humble me,
You claim a long-time pedigree
From ancestors who crossed the sea
On Welsh or Scottish borders
As henchmen, Frenchmen, train de luze
Of brutal barons, Norman dukes,
Those I should style successful "flukes"
Who scored amid marauders!

You do not look with scornful eye
On Yankee heiresses, who try
In BURKE, DEBBETT or LODGE to buy
What's coarsely called a handle!
Yet their "Pap-aws," on dollars bent,
Ne'er scrupled how each dime or cent
Was day by day begged, stolen, lent—
Their game was worth the candle!

Now my "Pap-aw," with instinct true,
Put all his early pence in glue,
And so you hint you'll say adieu
If I don't "cut the shop," love!
His name was PAWKINS, so is mine,
An appellation not divine.
You "hold me tight," as you opine,
But with the shop I'll stop, love!

AT THE SERVICE OF THE SERVICE.

(A Forecast of the Future.)

SCENE—A lecture-chamber at a military college.
Lecturer discovered behind a table. Students taking notes.

Lecturer. I have now shown you a colonel and a major. I will disappear for a few seconds, and then appear as a captain.

[Dives under his table.]

First Student. What's the lecture about?
I got in too late for the beginning.

Second Student. It's on "the Militia."

Lecturer (emerging from his table in fresh regimentals). Now, my men, you must regard me as your friend as well as your commander. I am responsible for your well-being. *(Applause, amidst which the Lecturer resumes his ordinary clothing.)* And now, gentlemen, it is unnecessary to give you a sketch of a subaltern, as that genus of the army officer must be known to all of you. And before I go I would be glad to answer any questions.

First Student. Thank you, sir. May I ask why you have been giving this interesting entertainment?

Lecturer. Certainly. To show you, gentle-

men, your duty in the Militia. You will be expected to play many parts.

First Student. But surely not simultaneously?

Lecturer. Why, certainly. The old constitutional force is so undermanned in the commissioned ranks, that if the youngest subaltern of a battalion cannot do equally well for colonel, major, and captain, the chances are that—well, I would be sorry to answer for the consequences. And now, gentlemen, we will consider how a ballot for soldiering can be established without seriously affecting the cherished rights of the civilian.

[Scene closes in upon an unsuccessful attempt to solve the problem.]



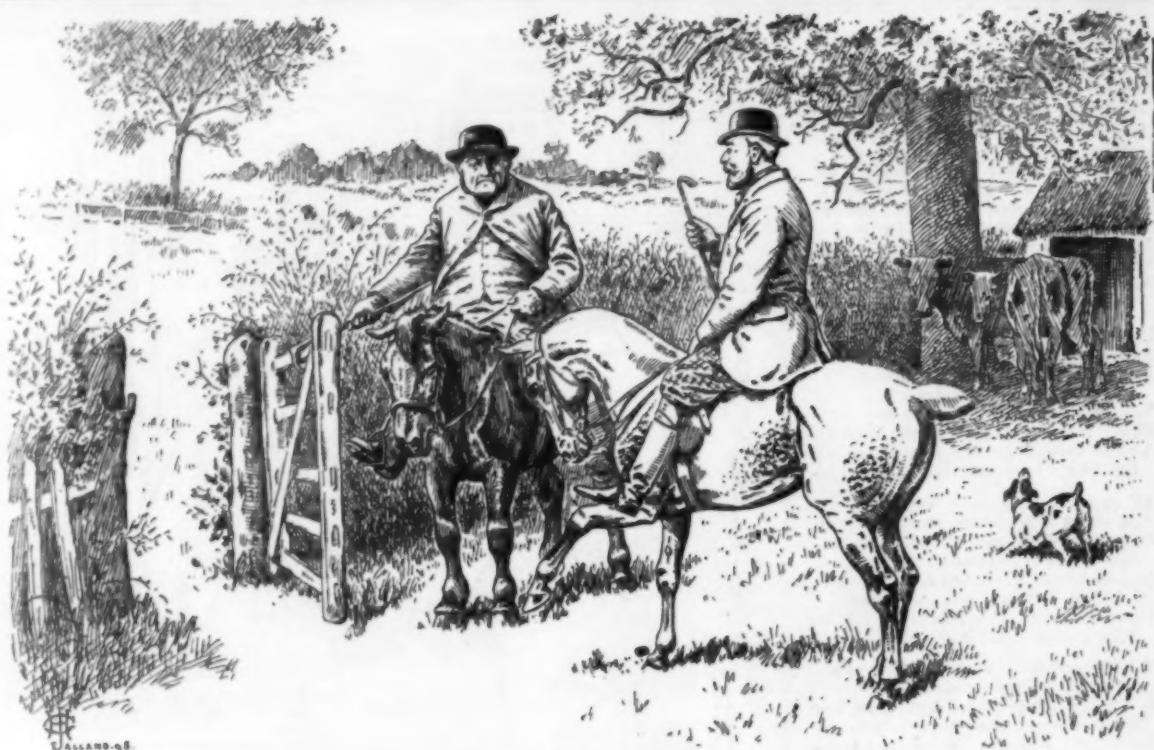
Chemist (to battered female, who is covered with scratches). "THE CAT, I SUPPOSE?"
Battered Female. "NO. ANOTHER LADY!"

COMPONENT PARTS.

[Professor SCHENK holds the theory that a saccharine diet tends to the production of girls.]

PROFESSOR SCHENK, though haply true,
Most certainly it is not new,
Your theory—I'm afraid;
Nursery traditions long ago
Said 'tis of sugar (don't you know?)
That little girls are made.

Then to produce the sterner sex
Why with recondite science vex
When nursery lore avails?
Because it clearly would suffice
To take, instead of "all things nice,"
A course of "snipe and snails."



LET'S HOPE SO.

Agent (going round Farm with grumbling Tenant). "COME, SMITHERS, YOU'VE A CAPITAL FIELD OF WHEAT THERE—AND THAT'S WORTH MONEY NOWADAYS."

Smithers. "YES, 'CAUSE I'VE NONE TO SELL. YOU MAY BE SARTAIN SURE THEY'LL STOP FEIGHTING AFORE THAT'S READY FOR MARKET. THE 'MERRICANS ALLERS WAS THE RUINATION OF WE FARMERS!"

COME INTO THE COVENT GARDEN, MAUD!

OPENING night of the Common or Garden Opera and of a Wagnerian season with *Lohengrin* in German-cum-choro-Italiano. Bravo "choro"! Very good. All old friends; able-bodied EDOUARD DE RESZKE; a genuine VAN DYCK; Madame EMMA EAMES singing charmingly, but so puzzled as to what to do dramatically with *Elsa* as to suggest re-naming herself as Dil-EMMA EAMES. MARIE BREMA was the tragic female bore *Ortrud*; Mr. Dictionary LEMPRIERE PRINGLE the Herald, or Heerrufer, and a newcomer, Herr FEINHALS, as *Telramund*. The last-named singer might be regarded by persons more familiar with sporting than operatic matters as something to do with "Captain COE's Fin-als," but that is not so. Herr FEINHALS in his finals, meaning his finished style, came out strong. The Herr having come to stop, we shall not require a change of Herr for some time. Signor the Merry MANCINELLI, removed from his conductor's perch in front of stage, now occupies a back seat whence he can command his musical army with greater ease. He is monarch of all he surveys, His right there is none to dispute, His bâton the drummer obeys. And so do the strings and the flute. Which is rhyme. Royalty in full force. H.R.H. patronising corner seat in omnibus, which was "full inside, all right," everybody making room for each other with utmost courtesy, remembering the golden rule, "*In omnibus caritas!*" Good commencement.

Tuesday.—A new *Romeo*, M. SALEZA, and a new *Juliette*, Miss SUZANNE ADAMS, both nice, but not strikingly remarkable for anything in particular. M. PLANÇON was admirable as the druggist, *Frère Laurent*. Miss BAUERMEISTER was the youthful old nurse, who is neither SHAKESPEARE's old family servant, nor a soubrette. First appearance of Miss FANCHON THOMPSON, whose delightful song as *Stephano* went for very little, but we live in hopes. "*Qui vivra verra*," as the Page sings.

Wednesday.—A Weirdy Wagnery *Walküre* night. Not quite so

crowded as might have been expected by worshipping Wagnerians. No doubt as to treble-excellence of performance. Herr VAN ROOY as *Wotan*! Wot an artist! And Miss MARIE BREMA as *Brünnhilde* in this cast. Herr COSTA (memorable name at Covent Garden when prefixed by "Signor" instead of "Herr") and pretty Frau CZUK were the "Heavenly Twins," *Siegmund* and *Sieglinde*. "PETER" PRINGLE good, as, indeed, were they all. There are five English "Misses" in the cast, and yet it was a hit! Herr HERMAN ZUMPE made his first appearance as conductor, and showed himself quite *au fait* at leading the way through Wagnerian wagaries. What a liberal linguistic education does the opera offer to us now-a-days! German one night, French another, and occasionally Italian! While the chorus, true to their ancient—some very ancient—traditions, stick to their loved Italiano in Covent Gardenic. Couldn't we have *Figaro* in Spanish, *Petr the Czar* in Russian, *Aida* in Egyptian, *Falstaff* in English, &c.?

Thursday.—Crowded house for popular *Faust*. H.R.H. in omnibus, corner seat. BONNARD first-rate substitute for suddenly indisposed VAN DYCK. EMMIE EAMES charming *Marguerite*. Costume artistic and comparatively unconventional. Sung in French. N.B.—Covent Garden no longer Royal Italian Opera. No Italians need apply. On a *chagné tout cela*.

Friday.—Ever-popular *Carmen*. Splendid performance. SALEZA just the recruit to suit *Don José*, and ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN's *Carmen* is well known to all as "one of the best," if not, just now, the very best. SUZANNE ADAMS, our Black-Eyed SUSAN, not so brilliant as might have been expected as the gentle *Michaëla*. Ever-popular "*Toréador Contento*" in French sung by M. ALBERS with spirit. As there had been a Drawing Room, ladies came in their diamonds, and there was quite a "Tiara Boom" in the boxes. No "Royalties," except for the owners of the opera, who take their "royalties" in cash. Good-night.

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THE UNWARY.

ONE WHO HATES USURY desires to employ a few spare thousands lying idle at his bankers, in a manner useful to his fellow-creatures. He demands no security, and does not ask for interest. All he requires is an application, with the name and address of the would-be recipient. Apply to FAITHFUL, Post Office, Sloughborough. N.B. The covers for response must be stamped.

A MILLIONAIRE OF ECCENTRIC TASTES, desirous of distributing some of his wealth in worthy and unworthy channels, takes this opportunity of placing his immense fortune at the absolute disposal of the human race. He scorns the suggestion of security or interest. A stamped (unused) newspaper wrapper must, however, accompany the application. Address, CINCUS, Post Office, Bethnal Green.

TO THOSE IN TEMPORARY NEED OF PECUNIARY ASSISTANCE.—The advertiser, a gentleman of enormous wealth, who has recently built at his own expense a cathedral for Central America, is ready at a moment's notice, after necessary scrutiny and precaution, to advance from £5 to £50,000 to suitable borrowers. That the latter may not be under any obligation, he charges 60 per cent. Address, SOLOR., Basinghall Street.

TO THOSE ON THE VERGE OF RUIN, an elderly ecclesiastic addresses a sympathetic note. He is prepared on any reasonable security—*post obits*, leases, reversions, ancestral lace, alienable heirlooms, and any other security recommended by his solicitors—to advance a sum that may drive the wolf away from the door, and restore prosperity to those sadly in need of the world's wealth. He would, of course, require a bill of sale upon the borrower's furniture, and the usual preliminary expenses. Payments by instalments must be prompt, to ward off harshness. As the aged ecclesiastic is largely engaged in other benevolent work, his interest by scoffers may be considered slightly "stiff." Terms, 20 per cent. per month.—Address, KINDNESS, care of BROKER, Cursitor Street.

A PERFECT GENTLEMAN, who thoroughly appreciates the aims of Sir GEORGE LEWIS to put down that hateful pest, the professional money-lender, is ready, at a moment's notice, to advance cash to any amount to approved recipients. Forms of application and conditions furnished on the receipt of a nominal fee. Investigations conducted on the most economical principles. References allowed to local County Court Judge, and other experts.—Address, in first instance, to J. P., Poste Restante, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

"NO REFERENCE, NO INTEREST, NO SECURITY."—This has been the motto of the advertiser for many years. The advertiser, himself a solicitor, conducts his business for the alleviation of the wants of the needy, on the most economical principles. All he requires is a slight mortgage or something of that sort. His rate of remuneration is so absurdly small—something like a shilling in the pound per month—that he prefers payments in advance. Those who come to him once never go to any other. Country clergymen, retired officers of the army, widows and orphans preferred. Address, "ANTI-CUPIDITY," The Retreat, Spiderbury-on-the-Fly.

"THE SQUIRE'S LAST SHILLING" can often be retained for the owner's use by early application for pecuniary assistance. The advertisers, a syndicate who have recently realised a large sum of money by operations at Newmarket, Chapel Court, and Monte Carlo, are prepared to advance ready cash on terms favourable to lender and borrower. First come first served. Send proposal with suggested security and interest, and a shilling's-worth of postage stamps. Silence a respectful negative. Address, THE MILLIONAIRE ADVANCE AND DEPOSIT BANK, 5e Etage, Rue de Jerome Diddler, Brussels.

A FRIEND IN NEED, who has just returned from a visit to one of the most respected governors of H.M. Convict Service, is prepared to resume his consultations with those in difficulties. Special terms for minors and ladies living apart from their husbands. The Old Address—until further legislation.

AMERICAN NEWS.—The despatch from Admiral DEWEY arrived at last, so he is now to be known as Admiral Over-DEWEY.



"IN STRANGE ATTIRE."

"NURSE! NURSE! BOBBY'S OUT OF BED, AND RUNNING ABOUT IN HIS BANANAS!"

THE TRUE HISTORY OF OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

["Signor CESARE AUGUSTO LEVI, Keeper of the Torrallo Museum at Venice, has discovered an old manuscript which proves that DESDEMONA was not 'averse to receiving the attentions of other men,' and that although OTHELLO 'us'd her roughly,' she survived him for several years."—*Daily Paper*.]

COME here, and I'll tell you a story. 'Tis all about a fellow Who wed an I-talian lady, and his name it was OTHELLO. Black as a chimney-sweeper he was, while she was so young and fair,

With large and beautiful dark blue eyes, and lovely long golden hair.

She lived with her parents in Venice, DESDEMONA was her name; To marry her to a blackamoor was, I think, "a great big shame." However, they went and did it, though she tried to kick, and she cried,

No good, for the poor young woman was forced to become his bride.

She hadn't been very long married, as I have no doubt you can guess,

Than she fairly sickened of Blackie, and matters got into a mess. The play by the late Mr. SHAKESPEARE sends Blackie clean off his head;

He smothers his wife with a pillow while she is asleep in bed.

I own it's dramatic and proper, as seen from his point of view; But just as a matter of hist'ry, it isn't precisely true.

At least, so asserts Mr. LEVI, who ought to be "in the know," Or surely he would not have written thus giving away the show.

These blacks aren't too sweet in their tempers whenever they feel a bit riled.

I guess he walloped her finely for conduct which drove him wild; But as for his trying to kill her, as SHAKESPEARE declares he did,

That's all a poetical license, in simple vernacular, "kid."

When coming to think it over, you cannot but pity the Black, Who knew his bride was "carrying on" with a lot behind his back!

We want to see DESDEMONA appear in "act six and last,"

As CASSIO's wife,—poor fellow!—"with a" not-to-be mentioned "past."



"I HEAR YOU HAD AN ACTION BROUGHT AGAINST YOU BY A MAN WHO BROKE HIS COLLAR-BONE ON YOUR DOORSTEP. HOW DID THE CASE GO?"
 "MET THE SAME FATE AS HE DID." "HOW DO YOU MEAN?"
 "SLEPPED UPON APPEAL!"

THE DOMESTIC BALLAD;

OR, THE SONG THAT TOUCHES THE SPOT.

"It is all very well saying that sentiment is cheap, but that is said as a rule by your asinine critic, who doesn't understand human nature, a wretched being who doesn't realise that it means getting to people's hearts."—*Great Thoughts*. ("A Talk with Mr. F. E. Weatherly.")

Oh, say not "Sentiment is cheap to-day!"

How can the song that makes a man to weep
 Or else (conversely) wipes his tears away
 Be cheap?

Nor say that sea-girl England's heart is dumb,
 Her feeling for the briny lapsed or lost;

That sailors on the foam have now become
 A frost;

That that unique creation, *Nancy Lee*,
 No more can stir the bosom as she stands
 Waving upon an eligible quay
 Her hands;

That he who ploughed the deep with such
 aplomb,
 Whose heart was ever open, brave and true,
 Whose yarns derived a racy flavour from
 The blue;—

For whom the total female neighbourhood,
 All free to use the Christian name of
 JACK,

Prayed that the list of wrecks might not
 include
 His smack;—

That he, the British type, whose breast
 achieved
 Ever new miracles of grit and pluck,
 Has now, to put it vulgarly, received
 The chuck!

No, never! Nor shall changing taste depose
 The simple serio-pathetic song
 Of love elated, or the sort that goes
 All wrong.

Under the stress of music's low appeal
 Oft have I noticed men about the Town,
 Strong men, encumbered by a heavy meal,
 Break down,

Hearing the tale of *Darby* and his *Joan*,
 Or that of those who whispered lovers'
 lore

In the dear days of what is widely known
 As "yore";

Who, mad with memory of the morning dew
 That pearled the popped meads where
 once they met,
 Are recommended by the writer to
 Forget.

Ah! yes; for at the after-dinner hour,
 When even hearts of stone incline to melt,
 'Tis then the homely ballad-monger's power
 Is felt.

For then the mind with meat is overlaid;
 From finer fancies men politely shrink;
 I trow they would not willingly be made
 To think.

And so wherever England's sons have dined,
 And join the ladies with a listless air,
 Someone will call for my peculiar kind
 Of ware;

And surely get it. Ay! for still the old
 Old ditties shall endure and never pass,
 Thus differing from the Critic. Him I hold
 An ass!

TO JULIA UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

["The latest form of betrothal gift in America is an anklet secured by a padlock, of which the other party keeps the key."—*Daily Paper*.]

WHEN like a bud my JULIA blows
 In lattice-work of silken hose,
 Pleasant I deem it is to note
 How, 'neath the nimble petticoat,
 Above her fairy shoe is set
 The circumvolving sonnet.
 And soothly for the lover's ear
 A perfect bliss it is to hear
 About her limb so lithe and lank
 My JULIA's ankle-bangle clank.
 Not rudely tight, for 'twere a sin
 To corrugate her dainty skin;
 Nor yet so large that it might fare
 Over her foot at unware;
 But fashioned nicely with a view
 To let her airy stocking through:
 So as, when JULIA goes to bed,
 Of all her gear disburdened,
 This ring at least she shall not doff
 Because she cannot take it off.
 And since thereof I hold the key
 She may not taste of liberty,
 Not though she suffer from the gout,
 Unless I choose to let her out.

In a Garden.

Daisy. What's that, WILLIAM?
 Gardener. It's an 'ose, Miss.
 Daisy. A nose! Does it smell the flowers?



"GOD SAVE THE KING!"



[“The Lowther Arcade is to be sold by public auction early in May.”—Daily Paper.]

[INDIGNATION MEETING BEING HELD AFTER CLOSING-TIME AT THE LOWTHER ARCADE, MR. JACK-IN-THE-BOX IN THE CHAIR, TO PROTEST AGAINST BUILDING A HUGE HOTEL OR THEATRE ON THE SITE OF THIS HISTORIC THOROUGHFARE.]

THE FUTURE OF LOWTHER ARCADIA.

IN the early hours of the morning a few days since, an influential meeting of the residents of the Lowther Arcade was held to protest against the selling of the Crown Lease. The Chair was occupied by Mr. JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

The Chairman addressed the meeting. He was glad to find before him so influential a gathering. They were there to protest against any scheme that would drive away the present industry from the Strand. (Cheers.) He would detain them no longer, but request his friend, the Master of the Hunt, to move the first resolution.

Thus called upon, a doll in a red coat, richly trimmed with gold lace, addressed the meeting. He said he had known the spot from the earliest period of his existence. He considered the place delightful to every one. He thought it would be a great mistake if the Lowther Arcade were abolished. (Cheers.)

A gentleman, who described himself as “the Miller,” claimed for their residence the title of “The True Temple of the Legitimate Drama.” Where in England could be found that admirable production, “The Miller and his Men,” in all its perfection, from the first set-piece of “robbers drinking,” to the final “trick explosive scene,” with its red-fire stage directions? (Cheers.) Where in all England could be found a more brilliant orchestra, with its musicians giving their undivided attention to the scores before them, and the occupants of the proscenium boxes devoting their whole being to the play, although from their position they were evidently unable to see any of the actions of the performers? He protested against the destruction of the Lowther Arcade. (Cheers.)

A green parrot said he wished to speak on behalf of his fellow creatures in their dear old home. They had been very happy there. (A beat on the drum by the rabbit.) The time had passed very pleasantly. (“Coco” from the Swiss clock.) It had been the residence of their parents. (“Pa, pa,”

“Ma, ma,” from a seven-and-sixpenny speaking doll.) It was the abode of harmony. (The remainder of the parrot’s speech was drowned in the tunes of half-a-dozen musical boxes.)

When silence was again secured, a tin Lifeguards-man insisted on being heard. He said that so far the speeches had been pacific. But was that enough? (“Hear, hear.”) Were they not able to defend themselves? In his own shop—he begged pardon, barracks—he knew that they had laid in boxes no less than three thousand infantry, an encampment with real tents, and any number of batteries of artillery, from the sixpenny pea-shooting gun up to the two-guinea field-piece that let off real gunpowder. (Cheers.) He would never

confess himself defeated, and he trusted that his bravery would soften the heart of that mercenary female who had thrown him over to accept the offer of a sixpenny dearer rival. (“Shame.”) But this was a private matter. (“Hear, hear.”) And as a public man, he stuck to his motto of no surrender. (Loud cheers.)

At this point of the proceedings a door was opened, a watchman entered, and the dolls of the Lowther Arcade quickly assumed the inanimate attitudes appropriate to listless toyhood.

MY CIGARETTE.

[“The cigarette, which was banned for so many years by the faculty, is now upheld by the Hospital as ‘a panacea against many of the smaller ills of life,’ and women are urged to seek the solace of tobacco when troubled by domestic or other worries.”—Daily Graphic.]

TIME was they boded woes untold
When'er thy snowy length I rolled,
Croaking with raven voice that Death
Lurked in thine all too fragrant breath.
I heeded nothing what they said,
Nor marked the wisely-wagging head,
But, blindly loving, lingered yet
O'er thy sweet joys, my Cigarette!

And as I watched with dreaming eyes
Thine inter-wreathed fancies rise,
Lo! at thy magic softly stole
A peace divine upon my soul.
My troubles vanished. Filled with thee,
What was the weary world to me?
Sorrow and care I would forget
In thy sweet joys, my Cigarette!

But now thy dark eclipse is past,
Thine hour of triumph dawns at last;
While Slander, dumb and put to shame,
No longer dares besmirch thy name.
The sick and sorrowful shall flee,
All trustful confidence, to thee,
To find a cure for care and fret
In thy sweet joys, my Cigarette!

BAIT APPRECIATED BY BOTH CRICKETERS
AND FISHERMEN.—Lobs.



MOTTO FOR L. C. & D. STEAMERS.

“On toward Calais, ho!”

King John, Act III, Sc. 3.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

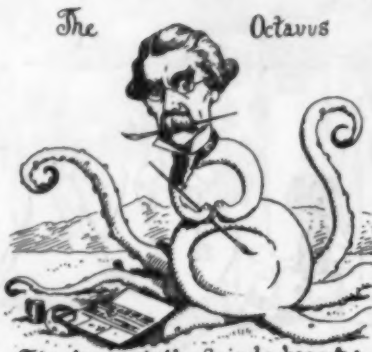
The Villislanph



This twangul and most verctial little Animal is hilly skild at every sought of newssick. He keeps a quinevill of newssickle avristicals that call out "Back together." He personally conductts them through requivumms and things and they get perple in the face trying to keep one eye on his conducttine-red. It must be a great strane for the eyesite. He is awfull good at Irish jigofs too—that must be a pleasant chance for them all after the congrigashen is all left.

The

Octavus



This clever sochable Animal has got a mainyer for eight of everything. Eight geats all eillybrights—eight wines, eight watters, eight eddick and then they all come out and stilllight at him tike anything. He will soon be a octovinary in all over that be a fellite to him. Has a extrominary largen so he knows all about points and things and is wonderfull good at itself. He spends all his spare time thinking up the palette. He is a grate bleever in creamashen and says he shall come to it some day. I don't call that polite, do you. I thought that was reserved for those that is not regular atteners at church or make faces at governors.

The Fadd



This curious little Creature never comes out in the same place only about once a year—that keeps his vallow up. They take him round in a selloon-carriage with his name very large on the outside, hermitically seeld and decked out with madden have ferns and rare browcades. They stop at the teams and let him out to play for a few minutes then all the ladies in gallery swesses swoop and gassp and shreek out "Divine" and then rush about after him till the portice steps in—then they kiss the legs of the pyanno and mone for a fortnight after. He looks more like a mopp than anything I think.

ALEXANDER, AND OTHER CONQUERORS.

THE present play at the St. James's has yet some weeks to run, and to our thinking that run could be, even now, considerably prolonged. Mr. "FIRBY" POTTER's drama, *The Conquerors*, is marked by strong situations, somewhat too strong, as understood by the majority of persons, and is most excellently acted. I do not remember having often seen Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER to greater advantage than in this character of the wilful, unprincipled school-boy lieutenant, whom nothing but a severe dig in the back, with a knife, from the hand of a wildly impulsive lady can bring to his senses; and I am fairly certain that Miss JULIA NEILSON (Mrs. FRED TERRY) has rarely been more artistically successful in the portrayal of any character than she is as *Yvonne de Grandpré*. It is an admirable performance, as is also that of her husband, Mr. FRED TERRY, whose personal identity is completely lost in the characteristics of the French officer, *Hugo*. The retention of the unnecessary, and painful incident of the two poor tradesmen shot as spies by the brutal German general can only be justified by the clever acting of Mr. HOLMES-GORE and Mr. ARTHUR BOYSTON as *Merle* and *Rossignol* (farcical names), and of Mr. W. H. VERNON as *General Von Brandenburg*. To my mind it is perfectly possible to suppose *Yvonne* actuated by personal and racial hatred of the invader. It is for the author to decide.

Miss FAY DAVIS, as *Babiole*, is charmingly irresponsible, and Mr. H. V. EDMOND gaily and gallantly depicts the troubles of a somewhat silly young Prussian struggling between love and duty. Mr. H. B. IRVING is again a bilious-looking, cowardly villain, a clever study in black and white; and Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER's peasant woman *Jeanne Marie Baudin*, is a remarkable and memorable performance. Mr. BEVERIDGE's *Major Von Wolfshagen*, with just that least taste in life of continental Corkonian brogue, probably to be found in the *BARON VON LINDEN* of Germany, is also excellent. The farcical French element or "comic relief," brought in for Miss M. A. VICTOR, seems unnecessary, but it may be taken as a proper balance to a piece, where all *The Conquerors* being German, it is but fair that, on the French side, there should be one irresistible maiden Victor.

CURIOUS ANOMALY.—That *Christobal Colon* should be seeking the destruction of the American Fleet, and that *Lafayette* be captured by a cruiser of the United States.

FLITTINGS.

Johannesburg, April 18.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—They call this "the Golden City," but I think it should be termed the Dust-heap. Every street is a perfect dust-bin. On every other shop you will read the pathetic notice, "Come in—closed on account of the dust." And this is supposed to be the rainy season. What the place is like in the Summer, I cannot imagine; but a "London particular" in Fleet Street must be far preferable, judging from the little simooms caused by the slightest amount of traffic. Even the solitary water-cart raises more dust than it lays. There must be pecks enough of Johannesburg dust to have ransomed any amount of reformers. As for the sportsmen who frequent the autumn races at the suburb of Turfontein, they return each day looking like golden dustmen, or stone-broke scavengers, as the case may be.

Everybody, by the way, is complaining of depression, hard times, and so forth, yet the tidy sum of £80,000 was subscribed last week for the various sweepstakes, and the "totes" or totalisators do a roaring trade.

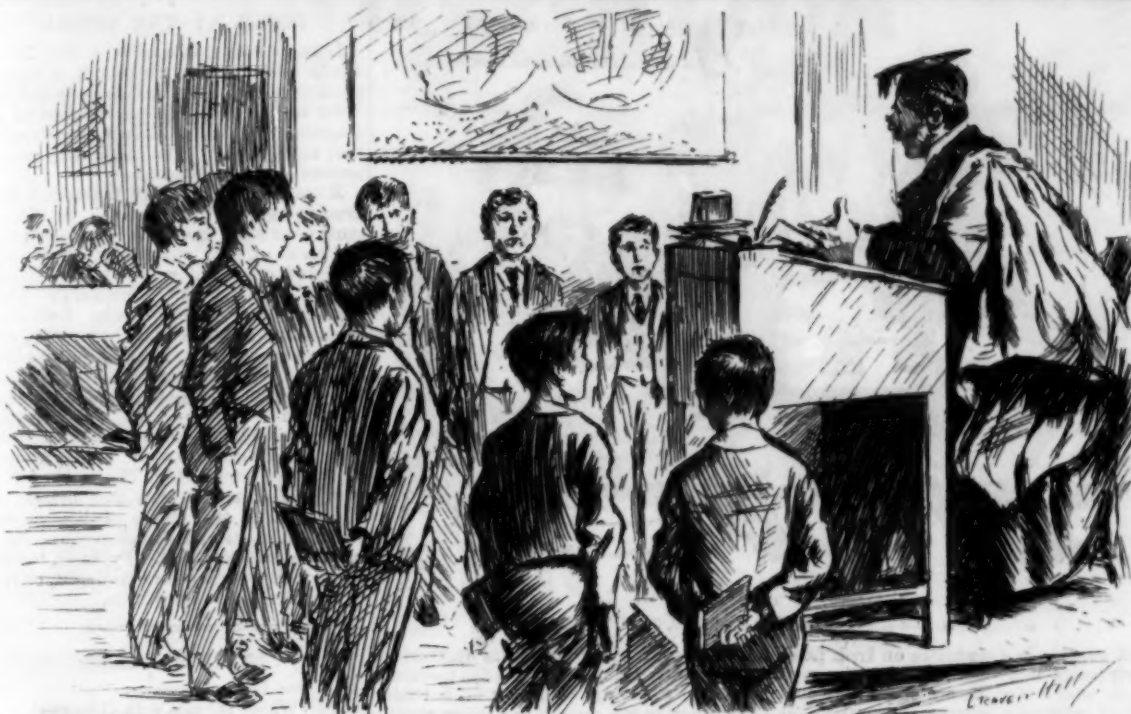
Our good friends the Boers are so determined to Hollanderise the place that they have erased the last three letters of the word "street" on all the familiar blue and white enamel plates at street corners. The policemen seem to be selected for their inability to direct one in English. I was sent (with great civility, be it admitted) to seven wrong places the other day in order to find the Lost Property Office, and then failed to regain my belongings after all. And yet it is an English town—witness eight smart hansoms that have recently appeared upon the streets.

On the whole, Johannesburg, the Gilt-edged, is not exactly an earthly Paradise for the Outlander at present, and to-day we shake its dust out of our clothes, and flit to the Garden Colony of Natal.

Yours, moving on,

Z. Y. X.

MUSIC AND MONEY.—Any speculator with good notes, up to a tenor, may do worse than invest in BENNETT's "Maiden Mine." If properly worked, the returns should be considerable. When Mr. WHITNEY TEW "obliges again," why not associate his name with the celebrated "Tew m'am"? If this doesn't suit his voice then let him try a change of air. We're sure he will be only "Tew pleased!"



Master. "'BLAZED EVERY ROSE-CARVED BUTTRESS FAIR.' BROWN TERTIUS, DO YOU KNOW WHAT A BUTTRESS IS?"
Brown Tertius (after deep thought). "PLEASE, SIR, IT'S WHEN YOU'VE GOT A LADY INSTEAD OF A BUTLER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 9.—GEORGE CURZON back to-night after long bout of sickness. Pleasant to see the hearty welcome that cheered his return. Both sides vied with each other in genuine heartiness of congratulation. The House always prompt with kindness of this nature. But there are degrees of warmth, and the warmest was showered on the young Under-Secretary. This all the more gratifying because it is a position won against certain disadvantages.

One is attributable to his godfathers and godmothers in his baptism. Why they should have inflicted upon him, even on second thoughts, the name of NATHANIEL is a secret discreetly lodged in their tomb. It gives an opening to persons of small spite, who, when they can allege nothing new against an annoyingly successful young man, with subtle inflection of voice allude to him as "GEORGE NATHANIEL." Then he brought from the University, with other youthful possessions pathetically envied by older men, a certain cock-sureness attested by a couplet of alluring banality. If the manner had been all, it would have been offensive. Behind it was a resolute will, a settled purpose, native capacity, and, not least, a habit of industry, and love of work.

The House of Commons, as SARK may have said before, is the quickest and surest judge of character in the world. It hesitated for some time about GEORGE CURZON, showing disposition to adopt the superior

person theory. Perhaps he would still have suffered from that libel if PRINCE ARTHUR, who knew him intimately, had not secured for him opportunity of showing the metal he is made of. That given, the rest was certain. It would be tragic if so promising a career were cut short by physical infirmity. House generously and genuinely pleased to find that rumour also was a fable.

Business done.—Through Budget Resolution in Committee of Ways and Means like winking.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Lord BRASSEY entering House to-night on a holiday visit, home from his Governorship of Victoria, uttered a hurried oath. The Recording Angel, like Mr. Toots and Lord SALISBURY, would say it was "of no consequence," being merely the customary ceremony on a peer taking his seat for the first time in a new Parliament.

Since BRASSEY carried an added *Sunbeam* into the waters of Australasia a great deal has happened. Coming back, he is, SARK says, chiefly struck by the extreme quietness of things. That not unnatural, since never had a peace-loving, equable-tempered Governor such a series of adventures as have befallen BRASSEY since he left the Thames. He began by being nearly wrecked, running into Cape Town for safety. On land he was pitched off his horse. At sea he tumbled in out of his boat.

All things considered, looks pretty well. Mustn't be hard on us if we live more monotonous lives, especially in Parliament. In the Commons, if it weren't for the early

morning struggle for CAPTAIN TOMMY'S moorings, and the excitement of betting on the daily event, suicide would be an inevitable relaxation. The Lords more accustomed to that kind of thing. Life with them is a perpetually placid pool, stirred only by the emotion of excitement as to whether the sitting shall be strictly limited to five minutes' duration, or whether, as CANNING threatened the Dutch, they should "clap on twenty per cent."

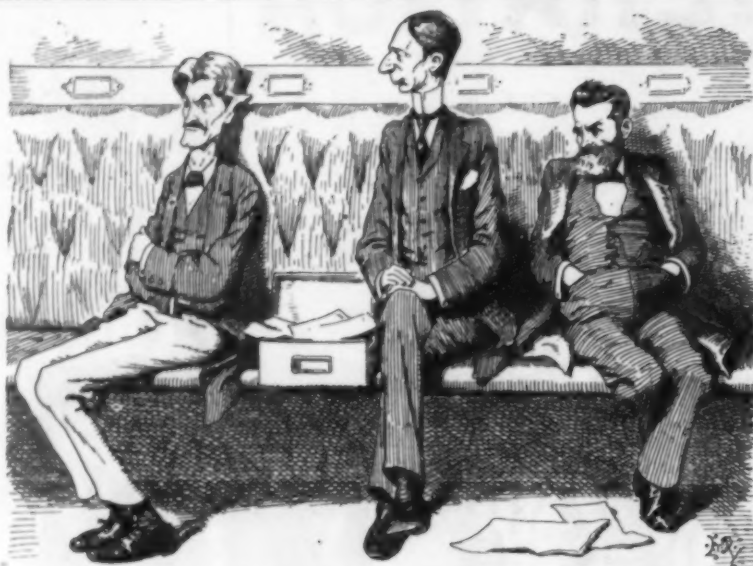
To-night Duke of FIFE almost ruffled equanimity by attempting irregularly to work off a speech. CARRINGTON had given notice to raise question of restoration of commissions to Dr. JIM's comrades in his famous raid. Decided to postpone intention, and said so. When he sat down up got the Duke, and began what was doubtless a convincing and eloquent speech.

"My lords," he said, "I rise to join in the appeal which has been made by my noble friend—"

Quite a crowded House in anticipation of interesting debate. Noble lords stared in amaze at his Grace, who was evidently getting into stride with his speech, under impression that CARRINGTON had made his. Half-a-dozen hands pulled at the ducal coat-tails; CARRINGTON explained he hadn't given the cue; FIFE mustn't play without the drum; so the Duke (of course, in a Parliamentary sense) "died with all his music in him."

Business done.—Dreary night in Commons, feebly squabbling round receipt of money bribe for passing Irish Local Government Bill.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Another



IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Mr. G. B. M-r, Mr. D-nb-r B-r-t-n, and Mr. T. W. R-s-e-l-l.

quiet evening in Committee on Irish Local Government Bill. Quiet scarcely the word for it; dull better, drearily, dolefully dull. But as habitually happens, dullness means business. It's on your firework nights that no real work is done. Attendance chiefly confined to Irish representatives. When bell rings some two or three hundred Britishers come in to vote. That, they think, is all that can be expected of them.

With occasional assistance of ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and comforting, if silent, presence of DUNBAR BARTON, GERALD BALFOUR slowly fights his Bill through thicket of amendments. Rarely has similar work been better done. Patient, courteous, quick to see points, ready in reply, with a firm grip that knows when temporarily to relax, he disarms opposition. TIM HEALY, truculent no longer, takes him tenderly under his wing. Only for that, JOHN DILLON would be equally friendly. The landlords, who at the outset breathed fire and sword, threatened revolt and rapine, have disappeared from the scene. Over it rests the kindly smile of CHARLES HARE HEMPHILL, sometime H. M. Sergeant-at-Law, now, for the most part, sole representative of the late Government on the front Opposition Bench. HEMPHILL's bodily presence of inestimable advantage to Minister in charge of a Bill. It expresses the essence of mellifluous good temper, is the very embodiment of peace.

"A thorough-going Home Ruler, friend-of-the-tenant, and all that," says SARK, "yet he doesn't look as if he could say 'Boh!' to a rack-renting landlord. The sort of man you'd expect to find quietly drawing from somewhere a pension of £1,000 a year paid in guineas."

Business done.—Local Government Bill beginning to rattle along.

Friday.—Pretty to see Members of Kitchen Committee furtively watching WILFRID LAWSON as he walks about lobby and corridors. They are responsible for sale of liquor on unlicensed premises under roof of Westminster Palace. WILFRID, after long winking at illegality, feels con-

strained to take action. Has instructed his solicitor accordingly. Any morning we may wake up to find the Kitchen Committee in the dock at the police-court, with long reports in the newspapers and pictures in all the weeklies. Just now a suspicious lull in proceedings. WILFRID's solicitor something in position of Spanish fleet. Has put out to sea; no one knows where he is; Kitchen Committee have uncomfortable sensation of his proximity; their flesh creeps with apprehension of any moment feeling on their shoulder the hand of his myrmidons.

Try to pump SIR WILFRID; attempt to bribe him with offer of unlimited refreshment. He only stares into space, or, looking round the lobby, lets his eye casually, as it were, rest upon the buttoned and belted figure of policeman. MARK LOCKWOOD, a man of war; has seen more than one season's service in Dublin. Lord STANLEY, scion of a crusading race; in comparatively modern times his forbear received on the stricken field the last words of MARMION. Yet, following Sir WILFRID's glance, they both walk uneasily away, wishing that WALROND would extend to them the boon conferred on their colleague MACDONA, and give them "leave to go to China."

Business done.—JOHN DILLON once more brings up question of distress in West of Ireland. BROTHER GERALD reiterates his reply; admits existence of distress while showing that, *more Hibernico*, it is in particular instances ludicrously exaggerated. Meanwhile Government have established relief works. Then REDMOND cadet blusters in; takes the floor; makes two prodigious speeches; KILBRIDE shrieks; HANDY ANDY FLAVIN is flamboyantly funny. English and Scotch Members, after patient endeavour to get at truth, go away pained and disgusted. Alack, poor Ireland! The peasants starve that M.P.'s may orate!

THE LIVELIEST VEGETABLE NOW ON THE MARKET.—The Spring Onion.

DRESS AT THE OPERA.

LORD DYSART, in a letter to the *Times*, would like to know whether it is legally possible to enforce the rule as to evening dress at the opera in the absence of an accurate definition of it duly advertised in the newspapers? The following might answer this requirement:—

ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—This evening at 8. *Lohengrin*. Gentlemen must wear coats, known as "swallow-tails," and trousers, both entirely of black cloth. Coloured coats not allowed, but dinner jackets winked at. Shepherd's plaid trousers, and fancy checks forbidden. Waistcoats may be black or white, the front wide open. Knitted jerseys not allowed. White shirts with starched linen fronts absolutely essential. Flannel shirts forbidden. White collars, and white or black ties indispensable. Socks of black silk. Boots or shoes of black leather, known as "patent." The colours and materials of under vests and braces are alone left to the choice of the wearer. Knickerbockers and dressing-gowns absolutely forbidden. N.B.—Pyjamas, though occasionally worn before midnight, cannot be considered "evening dress."

LYCEUM LYRIC.

See Doctor Tregenna
(Which rhymes with Gehenna),
In salts or in seana.

He doesn't prescribe;
His manner's despotie,
His method's hypnotic—
Effect is narcotic

On those who "imbibe."

And Burge, brutal scowler,
Not handsome, but growler,
Whose wife is a howler,
'Cos injured,—that's why,—
Is changed from a brute-man
To sulky half-mute man.

Says Doctor, that 'cute man,
"How's this?—'All my eye!"

THE GAZETTE.

THE following official announcements have not yet been made:—

The British squadron will shortly leave Wei hai-wei. Its destination is at present uncertain, but it will probably be Hong Kong, Count MURAVIEFF having intimated that he will not take exception to its presence in that port.

Work has been resumed on the new cruisers now building in Portsmouth in consequence of the Czar having withdrawn his objection to their completion.

H.M.Ss. *Valorous* and *Terrible* have received orders to sail from Southampton to Cowes. In the event of no objections being raised in Europe, they will leave their moorings at an early date.

WHAT CAUSES THE RISE IN BREAD?—Why, the war in the Yeast, to be sure.

SONG TO LORD ROSEBERY. — "He will return, I know him well!"

**LIQUEURS OF THE
COE. CHARTREUSE.**
These delicious Liqueurs, which
have come so much into public
favour on account of their won-
derful properties of aiding Digestion
and preventing Dyspepsia,
can now be had of all the principal
Wine and Spirit Merchants,
and all good Hotels and Restaurants,
throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignees,
W. DOYLE & Co., Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

MACGREGOR'S

**FAMOUS
WHISKY.**
"The Spirit of the Age."
**PALATABLE.
PURE.
PERFECT.**
Special Liqueur,
48/- per doz.
Famous old Scotch,
39/- per doz.
Net Cash Carriage Paid.

MACGREGOR & TURNER,
(ESTABLISHED 1860.)
2 & 3, GREAT CLYDE STREET, GLASGOW.

EXCORE RAZOR
GUARANTEED
PERFECT

Hand Forged. Extra Hollow Ground. Carefully Set.
Guaranteed Perfect. See "Excure" on Shank.
Ivory, 6s.; Black, 5s. Send for Free List of Cases.
From all Dealers, or write direct to Makers,
T. TURNER & CO., SUFFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD,
who will supply through nearest agent.
Ask for "Excure" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

**Carter's
Concentrated
Lemon
Syrup**
Old Refinery Bristol
From First Class Grocers

ACARIC
In Silk only. See
Acaric Trade Mark in
on Stud and Clip.
S. L.
ADJUSTING
Protected by
Patents and
Trade Marks
at Home and
Abroad.
**SOCK
SUSPENDER**
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

WRIGHT'S
PROTECTS
FROM
FEVERS
MEASLES
SMALL POX &c.
A LUXURY
FOR THE BATH
INVALUABLE
FOR THE NURSERY
**COAL
TAR
SOAP**
THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC
SOAP IN THE WORLD
FOR THE BATH
FOR THE NURSERY
3 TABLETS
RECOMMENDED BY
THE MEDICAL FACULTY

HIERATICA

NOTE PAPES, 5 Quires, 1s. Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100. Thin, for Foreign Correspondence,
5 Quires, 1s. Mourning Note, 5 Quires, 1s. 6d. Mourning Envelopes, 1s. 6d. per 100.
Of all Stationers, or send stamps to Hieratica Works, 68, Upper Thames Street, London.

GOLD & SILVER Inkstands manufactured by S. Mordan & Co.

The Fifteens of the ever pointed Pencil-case can be obtained
from all Gold & Silver smiths. Observe the makers mark.



Exquisite Models. Perfect
Fit. Guaranteed Wear.

**THE
Y & N**
Patent Diagonal
SEAM CORSETS

Will not split in the
seams nor tear in the
Fabric. Made in White,
Black, and all Fashion-
able Colours and Shades,
or Italian Cloth, Satin,
and Coutil, 4/11, 5/11,
6/11, 7/11 per pair, and
upwards. Sold by all the
Principal Drapers and
Ladies' Outfitters.
THREE GOLD MEDALS.

TYPHOID FEVER.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT
STATEMENT—

"Wherever the
PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER
has been introduced

TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:
J. Daffies & Sons, Limited,
147, Houndsditch, E.C.

TWO GREAT POWERS.

"PUNCH" on "TATCHO."

"A well-known journalist has invented a
hair-restorer, which bears the designation of
'Tatcho,' said to be Romany for 'genuine.'
Surely this is all a mistake—it should be
'Thatcho.'

Tatcho! Tatcho!
Buy a batch O,
With despatch O,
Touch the patch O,
Just a scratch O,
Then you catch O,
And you hatch O,
In a snatch O,
Hard to match O,
Brand new thatch O!"

Thus says "PUNCH." There can be
no higher Court of Appeal.

"TATCHO" is sold by all Chemists and Hairdressers throughout the
World in Bottles, 2s. 9d. and 5s., or can be had Post Free direct from the
office, 11, Farringdon Avenue, E.C., on receipt of Postal Order for 3s. or
5s. 4d. Cheques and P.O.'s should be made payable to the "George R. Sims"
Hair Restorer Company, and crossed Union Bank.

"GEORGE R. SIMS" HAIR RESTORER CO., LTD.,
11, FARRINGTON AVENUE, CITY, E.C.

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.

BUCHANAN BLEND

SCOTCH WHISKY

AS SUPPLIED TO THE
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

RANSOMES'
NEW DESIGNS.
NEW PATTERNS.
RECENT IMPORTANT
IMPROVEMENTS.
LAWN MOWERS
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
"PATENT" AUTOMATON—chain or wheel-
gear. "ANGLO-PARIS" "LION" and
"HORSE AND PONY" MOWERS in all sizes.
All Machines sent on a Month's Free Trial and
Carriage Paid. Sold by all Ironmongers.
RANSOMES, SIMS & JEFFERIES, Ld., Ipswich.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Ask for "Collas."
CLEANS GLOVES—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES—CLEANS DRESSES.

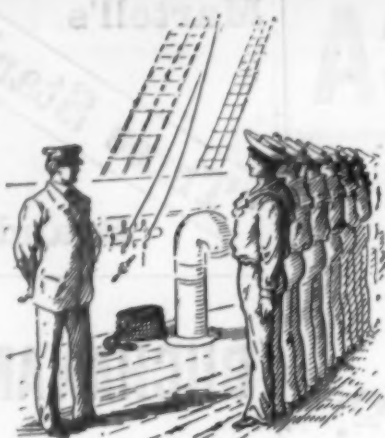
BENZINE COLLAS.—Buy "Collas."
REMOVES TAIL OIL, PAINT, GREASE.
REMOVES TAIL OIL, PAINT, GREASE.
FROM FURNITURE, CLOTH, &c.

DO NOT BUY COMMON BENZINE.
See the word COLLAS on the Label and Cap.
Which is the original. Extra refined.
After using it becomes quite odourless.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Ask for "Collas"
Preparation, and take no other.
Sold every where, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 7d. per bottle.
Agents: J. RANSOMES & SONS, 2, WINDLEY ST., OXFORD ST., W.

"COOPER" CYCLES.
From £5 10s. Competition Defied. Latest Design
Frame, Large Weld-
less Steel Tubes, Ball
Bearings, Tangent
Wheels, Brake and
Mod-guard, Cushion
Tyres, 45 1/2 in. Pneum-
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with Drive and Gear
Guards, from £5 10s.
Months Warranty. Lists Free. AGENTS WANTED.
Wm. COOPER, 788, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

**USED BY
HER MAJESTY
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**CLARKE'S
"PYRAMID"
NIGHT LIGHTS**
THE ONLY SAFE NIGHT
LIGHTS
SOLD EVERYWHERE. CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY
LIGHT CO. Ld., Oriskanywood, London, N.W.



"ATTENTION!"



"STAND AT EASE!!"



"SMOKE!!!"

PLAYER'S "NAVY CUT"

Is the ORIGINAL and the BEST.

It is sold only in 1-oz. Packets and in 2-oz., 4-oz., 8-oz. and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine smoking condition. Smokers are cautioned against imitations. Always ask for "PLAYER'S."

PLAYER'S NAVY-CUT
TOBACCO

M&C

4d.



PREMIER VINOLIA SOAP.

Keeps the Complexion
Beautiful and Clear.

1s. per Box of 3 Tablets.

6d.



PREMIER VINOLIA SHAVING STICK.

Causes no Blisters.

Yields a Splendid Lather.

6d. per Stick.

1/12



VINOLIA CREAM.

For Itching,
Face Spots,
Sunburn, &c.

1s. 1½d. and 1s. 6d.

1s.



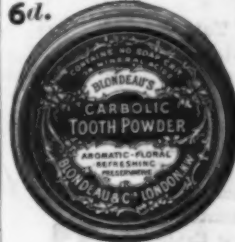
VINOLIA POWDER.

For Redness,
Roughness,
Toilet, &c.

In White, Pink, and
Cream Tints

1s. and 1s. 9d.

6d.

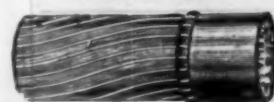


BLONDEAU CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.

Soothing to Tender
Gums and Sensitive
Teeth.

In Round Metal Boxes, 6d. and 1s.

6d.



LYPSYL

A Coralline Emollient for Dry, Rough,
Cracked, or Pallid Lips.

In Rose-Red and White Tints,
6d. and 1s.

3d. per 2 oz. Packet.



VINOLIA VIOLET POWDER.

Specially prepared for
Toilet and Nursery
Use.

In 2 oz. Packet, 3d.
In Quarter-Pound Tin or
Packet, 6d.

6d.



PREMIER VINOLIA DENTIFRICE.

Keeps the Teeth Ivory
White, Healthy, and
Beautiful.

In Glass Bottle, 6d.
In Metal Boxes,
6d. and 1s.

Vinolia Liquid Dentifrice, 6d.

6d.



BLONDEAU PERFUMES.

Concentrated—Delicate—Pure.

White Rose	White Heliotrope
Wistaria	Musk
Millefleur	Rose de St. Germain
Musk Rose	Ambergris
Honey-suckle	Narcissus
Jasmine	Staphanotis
Wood Violet	Frangipani
Em. Bouquet	Patchouli
Maréchal Niel	Opopanax
Jockey Club	Ylang Ylang
New Mown Hay	Violette de Parme
Lily of the Valley	Chypre
Amethyst	Mignonne
Hyacinth	Violet
White Lilac	Clematis

Paris d'Espagne

6d. per Bottle and upwards